THE Numb. 48.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Monday October 24, to Wednesday October 26, 1709.

PEOPLE that ſet up to Correct others, ought to be faultleſs themſelves; but now I muſt acquaint the World of a very great failing of my own. I find too much good Nature ſhown to thoſe in Subjection to us, is more prejudicial to our Intereſt, than too much Severity; that Servants, who are naturally Ingrateful, ought to be us'd rather like Slaves, ſince Obligations heap'd on 'em, not only make 'em Careleſs of their Buſineſs, but are return'd, like the periſhing Snake, that reviving by the heat of the Fire, flew at the Countryman who preſerv'd it. I thought my ſelf ſo happy in my Man *Francis*, that I made him rather my Companion than my Servant, he was my Amanuenſis, my Papers lay open to him, I allow'd him Money to diſcover Enormities, and that he might be more capable of ſerving me in that manner, upon his Sobriety, Sincerity, and good Behaviour, I lately put him out of a Livery. No ſooner was he got into light colour'd Drugget, with long Pockets and black Tabby Facings to his Sleeves, but when I ſent him with *Howd'yees* to ſeveral Ladies, he'd ſit at the Ale-houſe and pay a Porter to go. 'Twas now lo longer plain *Francis*, but when any of his Comrades enquir'd for him——Is Mr *Powder-Monkey* at home; he had a ſecond-hand Watch, a Snuff Box with two holes, and was Steward of a Three-Penny Club, and yeſterday he happen'd to drop the following Letter.

Dear Sir,

'AT Seven this Evening, Mr *Trot*, Mr *Tea-kettle*, and Mr *Currycomb*, with ſeveral other of his Grace's 'Gentlemen, are to have a Bowl of Punch at the Cellar in *Pall-Mall*; Mr *Cork-ſcrew*, my Lord *Squander*'s Butler, will bring a Dozen of *French* Wine, and we 'hope to be very Jocular; the Honour of your good 'Company is what we are all ambitious of, and par'ticularly,

Yours at all Hours.

Benjamin Burdaſh.

'The Expence will be a Trifle, perhaps Three Shillings 'a Man, and my Lord's Black has promis'd to ingage 'us an *Italian* Song.

The Maids now may do all the Work themſelves, nothing leſs than Mr. *Francis* can prevail with him to lay the Cloth, and he takes the word *Sir* upon him from Market People, with as good a Grace, as if he were a Man of Five Hundred a Year: He thinks himſelf too good to wait at Table, carrying a Flambeaux is ſo like a Skip-kennel, and to be ſeen behind a Coach is the greateſt Mortification to him imaginable. From the beſt of Servants in a Livery, he is now good for nothing; Plain Cloaths have intoxicated him, he aſſociates with Gentlemen, talks big, frequents the Hazard-Table, and hopes to Ride in his own Chariot as well as ſeveral others, that have wore Liveries before him. Were theſe the Sum of his Misfortunes, which he reckons Felicities, I ſhou'd hope they were only a ſputt of Vanity from his Change of Garb; but another pleaſing Fate has tantaliz'd him, by which I muſt conclude him irrecoverably loſt. Some Ladies have thought him a pretty Fellow; he that's in Favour with the Fair Sex muſt be a happy Man, while he continues ſo: My Lady *Dandler* plays at *Picquet* with him, Mrs. *Lackit* carries him into her very Bed-Chamber, Mrs. *Lovejoy* ſuffers him at her Publick Drawing-Room, and laſt Week my Lady *Brazen* was ſeen flaunting with him in her Chariot. He's at preſent in Vogue with the Women, as new Beauties are for a time the Toaſt of the Men, and has ſo many Meſſages, Viſits and Aſſignations, that when a Coach ſtops at the Door, I'm in a diſpute, whether 'tis to me or my Man *Francis*: But as Ladies of that Character are very fickle in their Amours, the Sallaries they give are but of ſhort Duration, ſerve only to initiate Young Fellows into all manner of Debaucheries, and 'tis obſerv'd, that the moſt noted Rakes, Gam'ſters and Libertines o' the Age, were Originally Great Men's Servants.

This Subject occaſioned my Lady *Maxim* to make ſome Reflections on that ungovernable Paſſion, Love; and as Beauty is not confin'd to Quality, nay, ſome ill natur'd Criticks ſay, that Great People have the leaſt ſhare of it, an agreeable Face often deludes us into a Thouſand Inconveniences and Diſgraces; a Marriage ill ſuited affects a whole Family, how wou'd the *Crackenthorpes* look to have a Relation marry a Fidler, a Barber, or a Taylor, which not only debaſes their Blood, but brings 'em into a depending ſordid Kindred, which the Wife, if ſhe expects good uſage from her Mechanick, muſt doubly oblige, tho ſhe's aſham'd to own 'em. When a Brother or Siſter ſhall Marry ſuitable to themſelves, what Tranſports appear in ev'ry Face when the Nuptials ſhall be Celebrated with unuſual Pomp and Grandeur, the Bride dazl'd in her Jewels, Relations adorn'd ſuitable to the Occaſion, when Birth, Education, Senſe, and Wit, ſhall thro'out the Room; tho the Unfortunate of the Family may by her Mein and Air, ſhow from what Root ſhe ſprang, yet how out of Countenance muſt ſhe be for her pitiful Husband, whom they all treat with a Cold Civility, place him below ev'ry body, ſtare at him when he ſpeaks, without

out returning an answer, and can scarce endure him but out of respect to his Wife; besides, the Honey-Moon once over, she dispises him for a Wretch, and he that has no Notion of Earth, values her ne'er the more for her Extraction. The Consequences of a mean Passion are not to be expres'd, the different Reception a Woman meets with in Company in her Regular Airs, and after she has plaid the Fool, shows, that ev'n Acquaintance, who have no Affinity, whose Business is Superficial, a good Appearance, and general Chit-Chat, looks upon an Intimate with a disdainful Eye, when by a *Je-ne Stay-quoy*, she shall degrade herself from *Velvet Suits*, the Opera, the Darling Quality Pleasure of Railing at Citizens, and my Lady Dutchess's great Suppers, that enter at Six in the Morning; from bespeaking Plays, from swelling at *India* Houses, (tho' now and then Pocketing a Fan by mistake) from doing ev'ry thing that is Careless, Unaccountable, Scornful, and Quality like, to fatigue herself with the Management of a Family, speaking to dirty Servants, Visiting Creatures that can talk of nothing but the Price of Bread, and groveling thro' the World; but as to those Ladies who are so fond of *Francis*,——my Pen drops.

†‡‡ *Mrs* Tawny, *alias* Tawdry, *is desired not to be so Fantastically Whimsical in her Dress, and if she does not know, let her now remember she is told, Nothing is more Disagreeable and Ridiculous, than to see Women of her Years affect the Gay, Youthful Airs of their Daughters. And by the By, she is reminded, that if she will be so preposterously Gaudy and Flanting, that if there was little more Oeconomy observ'd in her Dress, she would not be altogether the Subject of so much Laughter.*

†‡† *Mr* Vitrianus *not far from* Newgate, *who takes so much pains to impose a Credulity on his own Reports, is desired to make a more exact enquiry in* Lincolnshire *after the Relations of Mrs* Ew--n, *who left a considerable value behind her, and if the right Heirs are found, as he industriously informs the World, and possess'd of their Legacies, he then shall be allowed an honest Executor in trust to any who have nothing to leave, but not till then, let him be as impertinently Noisy as he pleases.*

†‡† *The Duke* Drab-deburgh, *and the Marquis* de Tangib *in* Fleet-street, *who gave themselves such Quality Airs, and hate all their Relations, because they have behav'd themselves so foolishly, that they are dispised by 'em, are desired, tho they have enter'd into Bonds to be each other's Heir, not to be so continually Arm in Arm, since 'tis a malicious World, and the Women laugh at 'em to a strange Degree.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THis is to certify, That I Sarah Goodall of Barking near Stowmarket in Suffolk, was under the deplorable Condition of Blindness of both Eyes of Cataracts; Sir Wm. READ her Majesty's Oculist in Durham yard in the Strand, London, whose Occasions calling him to attend some Persons of Quality in Suffolk in September last, who recommended me to Sir Wm READ, he Couched both my Eyes in less then 2 Minuets, and that without Pain or much Confisement, as I suffer'd both before by an Upstart Pretender who attempted to Couch me without Success, and how (with the Blessing of God and by the great Care of Sir Wm. READ) I have received perfect sight to my great Comfort, as here Attested by me, Stowmarket, Sept. 18 1709. Sarah Goodall. witness John Gland Apothecary.

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†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Disease, so very terrible if neglected, or ill manag'd; discovering each particular Symptom, so as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Consequence, and true way of Cure, without hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illustrated with many remarkable Observations, Histories of Cures, Letters &c. setting forth the dismal Effects of ill Cures, causing many Indispositions in both Sexes; which they oftentimes are at a loss to account for. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors House in Hatton Garden.

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